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THE

Sheep-Sheering.

A new Song

Sung at Drury Lane Theatre.

COME, come, my good ſhepherds our flocks we muſt ſheer,
In your holiday ſuits with your laſſes appear;
The happieſt of folks are the guileſs and free,
And who are ſo happy ſo guileſs as we.

We harbour no paſſion by luxury taught,
We practice no arts by hypocriſy fraught;
What we think in our hearts you may read in our eyes,
For knowing no falſhood we fear no diſguiſe.

By mode and caprice are the City Dames led,
But we as the children of nature are bred;
By her hands alone we are painted and dreſt,
For the roſes will bloom when there's peace in the breaſt.

The Giant Ambition we never can draed,
Our roofs are too low for ſo lofty a head;
Content and ſweet chearfulneſs open our door,
They ſmile with the ſimple, and feed with the Poor.

When love has poſſeſt us, that love we reveal,
Like the flocks that we feed are the paſſions we feel:
So harmleſs and ſimple we ſport and we play,
And leave the fine folks to deceive and betray.

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